

Call of the Valkyrie

by Dawnbreaker Dragon

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Summary: Stoick is extremely sick and close to dying. A Valkyrie descends down from the heavens, offering him a place in Valhalla due to his great life's work but as Stoick refuses to die, the Valkyrie is stuck on the island as she can't return to Valhalla unless she brings back a hero. The men of Berk are soon astounded by her beauty but the longer she stays, the more dangerous it becomes.

1. Chapter 1: Battle! Stoick vs seven!

****Earlier today I was thinking about my Community fiction and then what to write after or during it and suddenly I was hit by a burst of inspiration. I almost immediately came up with the start, ending and a few scenes in between for this story: Call of the Valkyrie. The idea has been on my profile a very long time already but only now did I get the inspiration for it.****

****So anyway, before I bore you completely with this note, let's get on to business!****

****Read on! (And as always, starting with a single word)****

*** * ***

><p>Thieves!<p>

These rats! How dare they enter the grounds of Berk! How dare they steal from our farmers and destroy our livestock!

This group of thieves and animal killers has been dealing damage to Berk for a good while now and I intend to stop it. There is no one who could do such a thing under my eyes. There is no one that could do this to my people and not get punished for it!

For three days these attacks have been occurring in various parts of the island, each one similar to the other, like the ones doing it

were following a certain pattern.

Just a few hours ago I heard that another attack had been made at the west part of the island. Two chickens stolen and a garden completely ruined. It was the fifth attack so far. The damage done wasn't usually anything bigger than a few small animals and some cabbages and carrots but that damage dealt has started to stack up and the problem has grown on Berk. People keep asking who's behind it and it is my duty as the chief to find that out and put the criminals in leash.

So, right after I was told an attack had been made, I took two of my best warriors and headed to the crime scene and soon enough we were chasing a group of five young men who were fast on their feet but luckily slowed by the cargo they were carrying. The men weren't too hard to keep up with anyways, all the time we saw them leave marks of their presence in their path. It was like they wanted us to follow...

Anyway, It was either that, the weight of their cargo or my determination but we soon caught up to them, surprising them with an assault from the woods.

Unlucky for us, they weren't as surprised as we thought.

Just as we started the assault and rampaged out of the woods, two more men jumped from the trees and landed right on my two warriors, completely immobilizing their movement. Of course, my men were big and strong just like I was but the two attackers weren't too skinny either so it was no problem for them to keep my men at bay.

I would have helped them but the commotion the scene made had caused the other five men to notice me and turn around, each holding a nasty looking knife. Now was not the time to take care of the others. It was do or die.

"Why are you on Berk!" I shouted with the mighty voice given me by the great-sized body of a viking. "Why are you stealing from us!"

"Oh, isn't it Stoick the Vast? I was wondering when you might come to visit us." A man with a long, brown hair and a scarred left arm said. "Why are we stealing? Well, let's just say we never needed any of the things we stole. We merely wanted to meet you, oh Stoick, and this was the best way to get your attention and draw you out of the village."

"What? Why didn't you just come to ask me!"

"Let's just say the thing we need to talk to you about is a little more... private" The man grinned as he finished the sentence. I improved the grip I had on my sword and faced this group of five with the most threatening expression I could muster, an expression that would even scare a full-sized dragon. And indeed it worked, even the cool leader of this group couldn't hide his fear. You could see it from how his eye twitched. I was winning. "And what is this 'private' thing you want to talk about?"

"Stoick the Vast... a famous dragon slayer and the father of a dragon trainer. Do you not realize there is no need to be threatening here.

We only want to know a little more of your son, that's all." The man said with returned confidence. "I know we may seem hostile with out swords and all but in fact, we're just humble citizens of the Berserk, we mean no harm to you or your son, we would just like to ask you a few questions.

"Berserk eh? So tell me, what is Dagur planning this time?"

"Oh, nothing really. This little trip to Berk was made under my command. Dagur, that fool, knows nothing of this."

"So basically you're rebelling against your leader?"

"You could say so but you see, Dagur never deserved to become a chief. He is a child unworthy of the title of the leader. He may be quick with his sword and tongue but he lacks experience and wits. He's no chief, he's a joke! The only thing he ever talks about is dragons, especially a night fury. He's obsessed with it. That's why we thought that if we could get to that 'magnificent' dragon first, wouldn't that make us even more capable of challenging the power of Dagur, the deranged... no, Dagur the fool."

"You're saying you want to get my son's dragon... Over my dead body I say!"

"Ahh... Stoick, Stoick, Stoick... do you not realize you're not in an ideal position to say that. We have seven people against the one you. No matter how great you are, you're still no match for us. Don't you think all the years fighting with dragons have dulled your abilities to fight against people?"

"My strength and skills are plenty for the likes of you! No one like you will ever touch my son or his dragon!"

"I was hoping we wouldn't need to come to this but you chose it Stoick, prepare" The man said and his men immediately surrounded me in a way that it seemed practiced. From the corner of my eye I could see my two men being knocked out by the men who were holding them down.

I braced myself. There was no help nearby and the only obstacle between this man and my son was me. But I wouldn't go down easily.

The man took the first step towards me. He was fast with his sword but not as fast as I was. As he lunged the blade of his dagger towards me, I quickly grabbed his wrist and turned it until I heard something snap. I let go of the man and turned around just in time to block an incoming attack with my sword. The man had swung his blade from above so as I blocked the strike, it left an opening for his abdomen so I punched it with all the strength I had. I could feel the air escaping his lungs as he collapsed on the ground.

The next attack was performed by myself as I swung my blade sideways, knocking away the dagger the man next to me was holding. I took a fast step towards him and hit his head with mine, knocking him unconscious and leaving me with a slightly dizzy feeling and a sore forehead. Not necessarily the smartest move to make in the beginning of the fight but it still meant I had now taken out two and made one unable to fight with his better arm.

A man behind me yelled and I instinctively turned to face him, easily dodging his sloppy attack by stepping aside from his blade. This guy was obviously a beginner as he had made two mistakes in such a short time. He let the enemy know he was attacking by letting out a yell and he didn't even put his strength in the swing. The man was easy to take out by a simple jab in his jaw. The time I took to analyze his mistakes cost me though as while I was watching him, another, more experienced man sliced a wound in my left calf. I yelled in surprise but didn't feel pain as the adrenaline running through my veins nullified it.

I turned again, kicking the man who sliced me in his face with my knee as he was still a little crouched from his attack that he had aimed low. Four out, one disabled, two to go.

Unlike the others, these two men kept their distance, allowing me to take a quick look of my surroundings. The man whose wrist I had broken was still lying down on the ground, holding his hand. The four men I think I knocked out were indeed on the ground, unconscious. My two men were lying a good 10 meters away from me and the closest tree to me was just on my left side.

"Can you see what I did to your friends already! Come at me!" I shouted, trying to scare the two men. But these men weren't cowards, they moved the way experienced fighters do, not too fast or not too slow but at a proper speed. They seemed to nod to each other and started approaching me from different directions. A move extremely hard to counter unless you have your eyes at the sides of your head.

It wasn't the first time such move was used against me though. I knew that if I just watched when the other attacks, the other one would attack at the same time and so I could predict when to make my move.

I wasn't wrong. The man left to me attacked first, heading for my chest. I dodged the strike and raised my right hand to block the incoming attack from the right. My blade was a little in the wrong position so the man's blade bounced off but towards my face. Luckily the blade of the dagger wasn't that long and the only thing he managed to do was to make a scratch on my right cheek. The first attacker didn't waste any time after his first stab and immediately after came at me with an elbow strike which I took in my chest with a grunt. No air was knocked out so I grabbed the arm of the attacker who had gotten too close and slammed him against the other attacker, making them both fall at the same time as they knocked their head together. Seven out of seven

I sighed in relief and relaxed a bit. The fight was fast, intense and extremely exciting, just the way I like it. If the men had just known that I once took out 14 men alone in a fight, they wouldn't have fought me with only seven. Well, it was too late for them.

'stab'

The air in my lungs escaped from a surprise as I felt a sudden stinging pain in my side. I looked behind me and saw the man with the broken wrist, holding a dagger in his hand, thrusting it deep into my

side. The adrenaline was still there. I felt almost nothing, except rage.

I grabbed the man by his throat and lifted him up against the trunk of the tree I was standing next to. I didn't let him explain, I just pushed, pushed until he was leaning against the tree unconscious.

I let go of the man and knelt down, looking at my side, observing as the blood poured out of the wound and got absorbed by my clothes. My left calf wasn't any better. I might be a great warrior but even great warriors can die from blood loss. I already felt dizzy from the strike I dealt with my own head but now I had lost so much blood that the state of unconsciousness wasn't far.

I leaned against the ground as I stared at the small ant that carried a needle from a pine, completely unaware of the actions that had just happened. At that moment, I was jealous of that ant.

The last thought before falling on the ground was Hiccup, he was saved.

* * *

><p>I've never written a scene like this before! How did it go? I know Stoick's personality might be slightly off but I wanted to bring out and emphasize his expertise in battle and the joy he feels when fighting. And oh, if you're wondering, I don't think the Berserk will have much more to do with this story, it was just a great starter :P But who knows, right?

Anyways, this was pretty much just a prologue, what do you guys think? Should I continue? And even if I did continue, I can't guarantee any precise update times.

Also check out my Community fic if you haven't already!

~Dawnbreaker

2. Chapter 2: Can you heal him?

I just realized that 'Dragons: Riders of Berk' is actually coming from TV here in Finland right now xD. I seriously didn't know it since now.

Now, let's get to the chapter!

* * *

><p>That night they brought in my dad.<p>

I had just returned from my night flight with Toothless when I heard the ruckus in our yard. Toothless immediately perked up his ears, turning his head to the direction of the voice. "What is it bud?" I asked. The only answer he gave was a soft growl and a worried expression on his face. That was enough for me.

I rushed to the window and looked down, a little scared of what I might see.

About twenty meters from our house, there were four men, one of which I recognized as Gobber. Each and every one of them were shouting at each other, like arguing over something important. Although it wasn't those yells that really got me worried. It was the other thing they were doing.

The men were carrying a person that was none other than my father.

I looked at the sight in shock for a few seconds until I finally snapped back to reality and rushed downstairs, Toothless right behind me. It didn't take too long before the four men stormed in the house, nearly breaking the door as they did.

"Get me some water! quickly! And clear that table!"
>"I'll go get the healer!"
"The wound on his side looks terrible! we must get some bandages! I'll go get some!"
>"Do that. And while yer' at it, you could bring me some of the herbs."
"Gotcha!"
>"What are we going to do! he's pale already! Who knows how long he was there!"
"Oh shut your little food hole, Of all things the least we want is someone who is going to start panicin'!"

The men shouted at each other at a fast pace, two of them rushing out of the house to get whatever they were told to get while one of the men cleared the table in the room.

"Gobber, what's happening here?" I asked, extremely confused about the situation that had progressed ever so hastily. My father was now placed on the table and I could instantly see he was seriously injured. Blood spilling from his side and his left leg, his breathing getting harder and harder with every breath he took. His skin looked more pale than ever and you didn't need to be a genius to figure out it was because of blood loss. "GOBBER!" I shouted again as he didn't seem to realize I was there, he was just fussing around my father, placing some we cloths over his head.

"Not now 'Iccup! Can't ye see I'm busy with your father! If ye really want to stay 'ere, could ye please at least put the water boilin'! We have to disinfect these wounds before we tie them up!" He shouted, brandishing his metal arm at me before turning back to my father.
"Stoick, hang in there..."

I didn't need to be told twice. Explanations could be spared for later. Right now I just needed to take care of my father and if boiling water was needed to do that, I'd be more than happy to comply to Gobber's request.

I put the fire going with the help of Toothless and the remaining man brought me a pot of water. I took it from him and placed it over the fire, careful not to spill any on the ground.

The other men soon returned with the village healer, some herbs and bandages.

"It doesn't look too good. It appears to be that he was slashed and stabbed by a slightly rusty blade and the wounds are already slightly infected. I might even say he's suffering from a minor blood poisoning. No traces of man-made poisons though which is a relief." The healer said after a close inspection on my father's wounds. The

only thing I could really do right now was to watch from the other side of the room as the healer started operating, taking small portions of boiling water and pouring it onto the wounds, making Stoick flinch every time he did that.

After that he took a small needle and held it in the water for a while, apparently to disinfect it as well, and then started sewing the wounds shut with some sort of thread. Immediately after the wound was shut, he would take some of the herb paste that one of the men had made for him and spread it all over the shut wound and then covered it all up with a bandage. The process was repeated on his leg but the wound on his cheek was treated just with a small amount of herb paste as it was merely a scratch.

While my father was being treated, the rest of the men all wished me good luck and left the house.

"This man sure is lucky. The wound in his side is deep but it appears to be that it hasn't hit any of the internal organs like the lungs. Otherwise he wouldn't be breathing even as much as he is now." The healer said as he stood up after the long process. "There is not much more I could do with the equipment I currently have and the next refill to my stock comes with trader Johan in two weeks. We can only hope he will survive that long. I've stopped the blood from pouring out but he had lost quite a lot of it already before I arrived."

"Thank you for all of this" Gobber said. The healer greeted him back and started to leave as well. "And oh, it would be beneficial to keep his body temperature as low as possible and if he ever wakes up, you must get him to drink something... Just... Make him comfortable." He said and left the door, closing it behind him.

As soon as the sounds of the healer's steps had faded, Gobber sighed heavily. "It's all my fault. Why didn't I go with him..." He nearly sobbed as he stared in the fire.

"Gobber, it might not be the best time to ask but could you please tell me what happened?" I asked as carefully as possible. My dad was now lying on the table much more peacefully than he had in the first place. The herbs were already taking effect on him.

"Right.. Ok, I'll tell you but now, let's move Stoick to someplace more comfortable" He replied patting my shoulder before turning to my dad again and starting to lift him off the table. I seriously didn't know anyone could do that. My dad groaned a bit as he was carried but as soon as he was in his bed, he returned to his earlier peaceful self.

"The thing is, you probably know about those thieves that have been bothering the village for a few days. Well, your father found 'em. All seven of 'em to be exact. Earlier this day the men in the village were starting to get worried as Stoick hadn't returned from his tracking trip so we sent a search party after them and it wasn't too long before they returned, carrying Stoick and the two men he had with him. They also told that there had been a fight with the thieves just a little north from there so I took a few men of my own and we went to see it. Seven unconscious men, that's what we found. All bruised and well beaten. There were a few broken ribs, a broken wrist and strangle marks on one of the thieves. I suppose it wasn't just

any ordinary brawl."

"So you're saying my father was beaten half dead by a bunch of thieves?"

"That's about it. The thieves have now been brought to Berk and taken to the cells and the other two men from Berk have already waken up. The only injury they had was a small bump on the head! can you believe it! And oh, there's one thing you might want to know. All of the men were carrying daggers made of glintsteel. A material that can only be made from certain type of metal only found on..-"

"Berserk island" I said and my mind immediately moved to Dagur.

"Of course you can go ask about all this yourself once the thieves wake up but I don't think that's wise. The Berserk can't be trusted!"

"I know that Gobber... I'll think about this over night. Thank you for your help, I appreciate it. You can return to your house now, I can handle all the things here." I told Gobber and glanced at Toothless who was still hovering over Stoick as if trying to listen if he'd try to tell him something. It was something Stoick had been starting to do with Toothless when he thought I wasn't there to notice. He told Toothless about being a chief, duties, responsibilities, about how proud he is and a few times even marriage. I don't know why though. Mostly the one-sided conversations were awkward and I just hope he isn't practicing it for me.

"Are you sure you'll be alright? I can stay here for the night if you need me"

"No, I'm fine. I can always get Toothless to get you if something happens" I said as I glanced at my father myself. "No need to worry." I wasn't even sure if I said that to Gobber or was it really meant for my father.

"Ok then, good night 'Iccup" Gobber said and left the building, leaving me and Toothless alone with my father. I got Toothless a few fishes I had stored for him and then we sat in front of the fire. I poked at the embers with a wooden stick and thought about the whole event. It seemed almost like a bad dream. It was like I could just pinch myself and wake up...

'pinch'

"Ow! Toothless! Wait... was I thinking out loud just now?" I asked the slightly confused dragon who ended up nodding in a way the dragons nod. It was more like a quick downwards movement with his head that looked like he just sneezed.

"Uhh... How are we going to solve this problem bud?"

I stared in the fire, trying my hardest to see my own reflection in the hot flames. Of course it was impossible but trying to conquer such a task made me clear my mind of all the other things. I just sat there in silence, trying to overcome the laws of nature with my intense stare. No reflection... Nothing.

"Hmph, as if it was possible anyways..." I murmured as I finally gave

up after my eyes started to hurt from the heat.

_"Anything is possible Hiccup, you are your father's son. And your father is a great man" _A beautiful melodious female voice said behind me.

* * *

><p>Well, I got it done!

What do you think about this? I made up the glintsteel thing myself, no need to google it if you were stuck on it. Anyways, pls review, you have no idea (or most likely you do) how happy I get when i open up my email and see a message from FF, it just makes my day!

Community fiction will be updated as soon as I get the chapter (as always)

**~Dawnbreaker **

**Oh, btw, I just created a DeviantART profile (DawnbreakerDragon), you can check it from the link in my profile! (only has 1 pic so far) The profile also has the link to my FanFiction Facebook page (Dawnbreaker Drake). Feel free to add me there, it doesn't have to be on your real account of course :) **

And if there are any European readers, remember to vote for Finland in today's Eurovision song contest, eh? And also, the Hockey World Championships just started! How cool is that! (one of the reasons I'd like to get people add my FF Fb acc, would be nice to have a commentary xD)

End
file.